

G.R.N.  
PODCASTS  
**MUSINGS**

2024  
PART A

*Greg R. Norton*

I'M NOT A LICENSED THERAPIST, or  
councilor, but I know from first hand  
experience, that all good yoga practices

start with some stretching. I mean, when your thoughts turn to meditating, and setting down your heavy burden, you should start with, mentally... *reaching up past the sides of your head... and stretching this way.* If you'll just make a mental note to remember this one specific directive, this stretching to start any meditative practice, or resting... *and then going right into the fully zoned out state... this should be remembered.* At any rate, rather than making my twenty twenty three book have four parts, I'll skip ahead, with this writing, and begin adding writing into a twenty twenty four project... and, as the

month is almost November, *go ahead and begin my next year's dreaming.* You should

see, from this, how my thinking is...

just find an ending point which you're comfortable with, for the present book, and

rather than being pressed to get another chapter just so, just start right into the next

*year, and letting your thinking be more*

*expansive, and free.* A 'Sun Salute,' is a yoga position... with arms extended up past

your head and reaching for the heavens,

with palms facing forward, above your head... it sometimes helps to mentally hold

this position until you're properly in the

right groove, and are resting comfortably.

Physical exertion always requires, after it is all done, setting down your work, and that burden, and returning to an awakened and relaxed mind set. This seems to, for me, involve these stretching visualizations.

At any rate, I am indoors, now, and sitting on this bed, inputting these thoughts...

there's only one more day in October, and that's the All Hallow's Eve, the day before All Saint's Day, the first of November. We

here in this part of the world usually experience our first frost of each winter sometime around the first of November.

Over more than a decade of nature photography, I found this to be true, most

every year, from my consciously observing this time. At any rate, it's now the next night, and true to form, we're expecting twenty four degree lows tonight... *our first frost of the year*. Isn't that amazing? Well, anyway. It seems to me, that *people need people*. Those who know and understand this truth are in one camp. Those who aren't in possession of this wisdom, of this kernal, are just elsewhere. These will be up and coming, or else, going out, into solitary lifestyles, *and eventual who knows what*. I was just reading my podcast jukebox, this past week, and happened upon a good observation. The host, that

evening had two writers, as guests, and they covered so many esoteric subjects, and topics... and one story in particular, stayed in my imagination. There's a belief, in the 'old people's lore,' which pertains to the matter of 'life review,' and the many ways this shapes the grown up experience. The crucial idea, that the guest on the program had to offer, was how, lore has it, that when a person passes from this world, into the 'Afterlife,' whatever form this might take, for the person, then, the 'life review,' will be a constant, and this life review, experienced by the soul, continues into infinity, *all the way out through the soul's*

*sojourns, right up until his or her actual 'reincarnation.'* You see? This nuanced understanding is an inner teaching of advanced understanding, in our world, and only found its way to my ears, by virtue of the special terms and arrangements, of the radio podcast interview. It was a special interview, to be sure, and this has remained with myself, until this day. I just found it so encouraging, to think of how, *in the Afterlife, we'll individually and always be spinning our yarns and stories, occasionally, and the search for wisdom and understanding, never ends... these together, for most people, amount to this*

*'life review,' and this is the crucial concept to remember, and to never, ever compromise your honesty, or truthfulness, for short term gratification... because the 'life review,' is something which everyone can count upon having. At any rate, I sit again upon this bed, and inputting these thoughts, presently. To come up with good ideas, for a future time, requires one's full processor power. You have to think in an advanced way, and above all, you have to be careful not to muddy the water, or to otherwise generate waves, or turbulence, out in the future. So you can easily find these thoughts. 'Letting go into the inner*



**Mysteries,'** is a spiritualist notion, which suffices to both forgive yourself for your occasional haphazard stumbling, and allows God's mind to recollect the most optimal future... *if you know how the right answer can sometimes come from 'outside the box,' and often without any conscious control on your part.* 'Don't try to do God's job... remember, you're only a mortal, but God's love is infinite.' At any rate, the types of tension migraines I get, these days just seem to requisite yoga poses, and stretches, like the 'Sun Salute.' So, this is why I began this writing in this way. You too can dispense with the toil of ordinary

living, of feeling so trapped between the opposing tensions, and pressures. I would recommend this practice to anyone. It's quite cold today, at forty five, it feels like thirty seven. That qualifies as cold. And this is just the first of November. I hope, for this season, that you and your guiding star *can arrive at a place of vision, and insight, in the midst of an immense frozen arctic snowstorm.* With our very best dream weaving now going afore us, and out in the future, maybe now we'll experience real happiness. At any rate, I'll bring this writing to a close, and add it in for the start of this new book. Have a pleasant weekend

ahead. All for now, Greg.

~

When I wish to get ideas started, onto my written page, I can bring a receptive readiness to the word processor, and peer inwardly. The more I live in this life of mine, the more I sometimes feel loneliness... *like there's no one on my side, or my team, to help me through my self doubts.* I always tell myself, *'Everyone's so opportunistic, and acts like they only*

*want my ruin!'* But, there's a big helper,  
and guide, and encouragement, going right  
beside me, daily, *just waiting for my*  
*permission, to make genuine literary*  
*progress.* There are various names for this  
presence... a Guardian Angel, or the  
Grandmother Spider, when you're doing  
your best, *and making the good effort, and*  
*not shirking guidance... she can help.* This  
last one is so very important. When it  
appears that a person isn't broken, or  
decrepit... when they're living within  
acceptable limits, *and not using artificial*  
*crutches,* in meeting the four essentials...  
chores, hi jean, meals, and medicines...

then we call this person *'In good standing.'*

Another term for this is, *'In good faith.'*

So, while you know, that your mind tends to get paranoid, you can rest knowing, that this is your diagnosis... *You've got some science on your side.* When one believes, that he or she can do a thing, *then it will usually follow, that he can do the thing.*

*'Believing is seeing,'* is an expression that I've used for years... so strong is this power of perception and belief, that we have to remind ourselves, *how the ships captain sets sail on the sea, because the conditions seem favorable, not the other way around.*

Getting this simple idea down is important.

Usually, as living appears to bear down on my sanity, and I find myself so crossed by the tossing churning sea, I only have to get my writing materials out, or get myself to the piano... because God's power is such that, ordinary resentments, and frustrations can always be turned around, and made into big goals, and advancements... *just ask anyone who knows how to receptively remain attuned to the spiritual powers, and consciousnesses, which are invisibly all around him or her self.* In a way, this is the problem with our modern world... so many people think that money, technology, and tools and appliances are all it takes to

really procure happiness... when in actuality, it doesn't matter how much money you have, or technology, if your inner life isn't attuned to the spirit, and you aren't ready to receive the full blessings which an Guardian, or Angelic spirit can offer... then you won't necessarily find good answers, in your life, or be able to turn losses and setbacks into strong victories... you'll be at the mercy of the elemental forces, all around your self, and you'll overlook the great powers, and latency, present even within the empty spaces in your life... the environmental matrices, upon which your inner existence

is grounded. *It's through knowing how to be open to these kinds of blessings, and advancements, that we're able to make good, practical usage of the technologies which we do have.* Well, these are just some ideas. We might do these good things, and be blessed, and be able to make lemonade from lemons... *yet this might not necessarily mean the end to the strife in your life... I'll explain what I mean.* Our diet may be disagreeing with ourselves. We think, in our presumption, that we can just put a gun to the head of a beast which is eight or ten times as big as we are, and terminate that bovines existence, just so



that we'll have a bite to eat on our dinner plate... *and we think that this is an easy, or simple feat to pull off.* This is not necessarily the case. That big animal fights us back... we see it everywhere every day... suicide, depression, schizophrenia, substance addiction... brutal bloody wars and conflicts, pestilence, and disease of every kind.... the great likely hood of getting cancer, in this world... *we are really living in a conflicted time, and if you ask me, we shouldn't knowingly make it harder on ourselves, but easier.* If we knew how the odds are increasingly against us, the older we get, then maybe we would

take great pains to live mindfully, *and to make a minimum of impacts upon the natural world, and ecology, and those beings.* But, in the western world, the ranching industry is just an enormous business. Maybe we should recognize, that there are just too many people to properly feed a meat diet unto everyone... we should learn how to *grow artificial meat in factory labor a trees, and let vegetables, and grains, and nuts, and fruits, and dairy products, be our main staples of our diets.*

If we fail to do this, especially as we get older, and begin to be effected by aging and decay, then our living planet might try to

shake us off... *we might suffer early death, or disease... death is no respecter of persons, and we have to know this.* So let's start being smarter, in our simple everyday food choices. It's not wise to take and slaughter, and consume beasts which are bigger than we are... much bigger, *and we should get this through our thick heads.* At any rate, these are some thoughts. I think, we'll always want to remember and keep our good spiritual principles, *which alone can allow us to turn losses into wins, and lemons into lemonade, which is good to taste, and won't hurt your stomach.* These good spiritual principles are like the

receptiveness, and attentiveness, to the subtlest impulse, and direction of thinking from within... *knowing how it's better to remain still and calm, when you're upset...* the importance of soothing and meditative media, *and keeping the poisons out of our mind and diet...* and instead reliance on whole grain, and crunchy snacks, and good holistic ally grown vegetables and other produce. These are just a few ideas. Far too many people let themselves become victims and slaves to our consumer society, rather than keeping the devil locked outside, in the night. Well, these have just been a few thoughts, *'We've got each*

*other,' this is a good thing to know, but also remember that **the human spirit is immortal, and through cultivating inner abilities, like sketching, or writing, or photography, we can always manage to bring out good victories, from right out of our inner minds and hearts.*** 'Saving everything,' which you write, or sketch, or create tends to build into real momentum, *and this can always make a real craft, or avocation.* So many people have forgotten this simple principle. Well, I'll wrap this writing up, now, and add it in with the others. Have a good weekend. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit again to write, this November evening, this year, it is not so much to get the 'big ideas' off my chest, as it is to just feel my way around the darkened rooms of my mind, in an effort to learn of interior decor, and to get, say for instance, '*The ley of the design?*' With the ocean waves around this peninsula, so encroaching, upon my mind's periphery, I can see, that the best way to advance my own

understanding, is just to situate myself in front of my word processor keyboard, and weigh and compare ideas... *whether they're inverse opposites of themselves, or something else, at least I will have 'tapped into,' this enormity, and listened to just what it's about.* At any rate, writing is just sometimes like, *'Yes God?'* But, I got some goals accomplished today, *and that's just good enough, in my view.* Of importance, in contacting any rare spiritual consciousness, is to get the 'personalities' which bother you out of your mind. *With this accomplished, you'll have a much better view of the real you, as a mirror of*

*what is.* At any rate, it sure is good to know the difference between the '*self*,' and what is 'not self.' *Between that which flows from within, and that which is interposed from without.* I sit here, and attune myself

with the right thoughts... the timeless constant, or classic which I perceive as 'right,' for instance, *appears to be as below myself, as my solar plexus is below my diaphragm.* One's breathing is built into one's soul journey, on Earth as in Heaven.

Coming through difficult times in one's life, is something like, getting over problems with one's associates... *who maybe feel cheated, like our team was*



*ripped off... or the ways we're as people only human, not immortal, per say.* I could say more about how hard the last few weeks have been, but I won't bore my reader. We've all felt cheated the past seven years or so. Many times, the best way to move forward, in getting over such times, can be likened to tossing a deck of cards into the air, and letting them come down where they will, in haphazard fashion... *because this seems to acknowledge the hopeless randomness of chaos.* Maybe this way will lessen the sense of the '*deck being stacked,*' against us... I myself came through a similar time

of feeling like I had been done wrong, like the '*deck was stacked*' against me, *back in late two thousand and one, and two thousand and two... the fun ran out of my life, for a time, and I felt cheated, and was for a time deprived of the sleep of contentment, and peace of mind.* Some of us are newer to the trauma of being exposed, and getting hurt. ***But think of this... it's harder to carry blame and anger, than it is to forgive yourself, and your peers. Harder to wear a frown than a smile.*** Negative critical thinking is not good for one's own health. Well, at any rate, I sit and write, slowly and

incrementally. I tell myself, I'll feel better tomorrow. When the blues get a piece of your life, as is the case in nighttime sleeplessness, *you can turn your evenings into physical workouts, and just work it out, night by night.* You'll get your sleep, eventually. So we count our blessings... *this is pretty important, especially when your house is in good order, already.* As anyone can plainly see a strong portfolio, with no real negative issues, *you'll need to get the trouble behind yourself.* When you're not in the business of making failures... but instead making wins... *such a strong year's work... win after win.* The

thing to understand, *is how this about  
entirely precludes my community from  
experiencing much loss, or failure.* But the  
enemy is nothing but a deceiver. *So he  
appears strong, but he's not... he's weak.*

Our lives are afflicted by spiritual warfare,  
so keep that enemy back. I'll tell you, that  
in this world, people don't always choose  
depression. People don't always choose  
schizophrenia, either. In many ways, in so  
many cases, the prison and the graveyard  
are full of souls who weren't given choice,  
per se... or were born into bad  
environments, and situations, or else had  
heredity issues, which eclipsed their

physical life span. *Many were just negatively influenced by peer pressure, and their lives grew corrupt, and inn competent.* But, having been given a fully functional internet media development, and publishing course, is a tremendous blessing. *I love playing the piano, and I'll, as long as I live, deal with pain in my life by getting myself to my musical instrument, with the recorder running.*

People in music, or who have amateur, or independent courses, just for the fun of it, *or to 'give back equity,' for the fun of it,*

**are extremely blessed.** To be able to give back a collection of original solo

instrumental performances, and to make it  
work, and have lasting power and  
permanence, are the bearers of great  
benefit. So many lives are touched, by the  
willingness to try... *so many minds are  
opened in the world, just when one original  
creative work is given into the internet  
world music*

*environment... not just any one kind or type  
of media, but any original creative effort...*

I myself always have loved the 'primitive,'  
styles of music, literature, or illustrative  
expression, or painting. It's pretty clear,  
that when someone starts young, or is  
nurtured, or encouraged in any way, they

can eventually learn the more or less complete mastery of their media... *and of course the internet allows for individual expression.* At any rate, I myself have a lot of fun doing my fairly simple piano recordings, and this writing presently, or I should say, *the previous audio book, the twenty twenty three part cee, alone is nearly as rich and full of insight and design as most any full length original motion picture.* Of course, such is a lot more 'limited appeal,' *due to its more esoteric natures, and not for profit aspirations, you'll see, if you give it a read, such is quite engrossing, and works on*

*more than one level, or dimension  
simultaneously... the original piano music  
complements the audio text nicely, I feel...  
to see such doing so well without much  
money, or effort can be seen as a five  
dimensional 'tour de force' of sorts, which  
reaffirms in people the love of individual  
expression, and healthy cooperation. Well,  
I've tried to be honest with my work, and  
to give myself a genuine appraisal, for just  
what I alone can see in this set. Well, I  
hope you have a pleasant new week ahead,  
and festive holiday season. All for now.  
I'll send this along your way now. Greg.*



~

I'm impressed with a thought, this evening,  
*and rather than letting it get away from  
me, in the mists of time, I'll get myself to  
my word processor, and put it in writing.*

In living, most people have one or two  
little concessions to sinful ways, in the  
form of caffeine, or sugar. But, the thought  
that occurs to me, is how, in life our  
objective isn't to 'get away with sinning.'  
Quite the contrary, our ambitions should, I

think be to minimize the sway which our few addictions have over ourselves... to keep our addictions manageable, and under control. *Not everyone is a monastic paragon of purity and sobriety.* Let's face it, a little caffeine party every once in a while can be fun. But, for many people, caffeine and sugar become so 'off limits,' and taboo, due to diabetes, or a heart condition, that they're both just about inaccessible. *So, in case you think that, we're trying to get away with sinning in this, I would suggest that instead, we're trying to keep our minimal addictions and habits under good control.* The goal is to

enjoy the longest life span possible,  
*not just to live it to the fullest.* Well, just  
some thoughts. I sit, here, now and brain  
storm over ideas for this new writing. If  
you ever wonder what is in the minds of  
your higher consciousness, or just what she  
would say, if given the chance, then you  
can just situate yourself in front of your  
word processor screen, and somewhat test  
around, peering both above and below,  
within and without... and seeing what  
appears to arise. This technique is only  
accessible through the inner pairing of  
mortal and heavenly... and through such  
duality of perception... one passive and

receptive, the other active and circumspect. There's a lot which can be spoken of, which is just commonplace, and intrinsic to such a pairing. *Ideas don't necessarily have to be big... or small necessarily.* As these words are going onto my page, I'm just completely impressed with my spirit's ease and grace, at her getting me past my writer's block. *What seems difficult is done with effortless ease.* As I move through life, I most definitely rest in this higher spirit connection. *In fact, I know I wouldn't want to do it without her.* At any rate, I definitely remember, many times, in the nineteen nineties, my solitary leanings

were so strong, that alcoholic beverages were my only friend. That side of me which drinking put me in contact with was a lot more interesting, to me, than my ordinary waking consciousness. *Now, I like myself just fine, without any inebriant at all.* Seeing the yoga position meditations, in your mind's eye, and while sitting comfortably, is a return to a heart centered consciousness... *a definite retreat, from the contrivances, and mistakes of being just so entangled in the windmills and illusions of the mind.* Resting only in this inner heart light, the recent weeks have been more or less headache free. Well, the

day is Thursday, and we here are expecting drought ending rainfall this evening. The farmers and growers will need this, and the wildfire risk will be remedied. So our mood this morning is excellent, with our troubles soon fading from view. I sit inputting these thoughts into this smart device's word processor... one thought at a time is how this usually goes. *'The more I sit and think about a thing, the worse the thing begins to appear in my mind.'* This is a good reminder, and so I look, and try to get some work rolling along, so that my negative critical thinking patterns will have less sway. Living has taught me some

things. I, for one, know that I don't like the pungent aroma of commercial television...

the frequent sponsor messages are just really bad taste. *So, due to this, I make my own digital videos, and play them back almost every day...* it doesn't matter if I just

looked at a film yesterday... I can still enjoy it again and again. I'm presently looking forward to my snack, at ten A M, and to getting some nicotine right after that. Some things we have to tolerate... *but only until they move behind, and don't bother us any more.* Living has taught myself how there will always be relief eventually, no matter the problem. The

enemy remains in power only so long,  
*before the good magic comes through.* At  
any rate, these days, we're just contentedly  
doing our thing... *some of us have one  
goal, others have another...* I myself am  
just working for the eventual weekend,  
when things go the way they're supposed  
to... *we just don't always know quite when  
this will happen.* But, good is good, and  
when the term is done, that good will  
always answer the needs. I'm writing this  
way, presently, because of what my heart  
has shown me, *how prayer usually gets  
results.* **'Ask and you will receive.'** At  
any rate, you can just see, how people



under stress and without preferred resources return to practical physics to solve recurrent problems. *'If you have ever wondered what children think about, then just take a look at our own day to day lives.'* We certainly have some child like ways. At any rate, as a twenty five year old man, I was completely baffled by the mysteries of my mind... *I had no clear answers*, I only knew that I needed to have chemical inebriant relief from the agitation, and the weights on my heart were heavy.

**The mysteries of the Ancestors are just incredibly privileged insights to possess, and this didn't come about overnight. I**

had just so many dues to pay, and to learn the right refinement of determination and will, among many other things. *When a heart is placed under duress, for five years or more, there will develop suprahuman abilities, in some cases.* I am very grateful for this writing, and piano recording path...

this role I play is just very privileged... you'll understand this at a later time in your life... I doubt that this writing will complete your picture, or solve your mysteries... but I offer it anyway. In time you'll remember this particular writing, and an crucial understanding will then find it's home in your heart. I hope this writing

suffices as some encouragement, if nothing else... because, speaking for my self, alone, I can see past the illusions, and differences which being unique has along with it.

Well, at any rate, these have been a few ideas... may they serve you well. I'll wrap this writing up and send it along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, it's a hazy and warm Monday

morning here, for November. If a person wants to know what my living consists in, I think it boils down to '*goal setting*,' and '*goal accomplishing*.' My focus is digital media development... me being a non profit resource for lovers of music and video. I'm not an educator... I don't think I even come close. *I'm a media developer.* As I sit here, inputting these thoughts into this smart devices' word processor, I'm enjoying the visual and sonic experience of my 'Greg @ the Piano,' volume two dee vee dee. While doing and watching this, I can see... *I like myself better today, than I have in a while... I can tell from the interested way*

*that my eyes are following my piano videos. 'This will make a good Christmas present,' I think to myself... I'm again grateful to have a gift to share. I only wish that everyone was so blessed, as I am. The weekend just behind us was restful, and I accomplished an important goal or two, as well. At any rate, it's pleasant and warm inside on this bed this morning, and I think our sunshine today and mild temperatures, combined are making me feel happy, and fulfilled. At any rate, it's pretty good to just spend time outside, playing music through my blue tooth speaker, and feeling the cool breezes. If you don't want to get*

*too hot, on a November day like today is, you'll just have to sit in the shade.* At any rate, when I think about what must be the main obstacle which keeps people from agreeing, and staying on the same page... it's most likely the fact that in any group, there will be one, with leadership abilities, who is somewhat 'privy to an alien world,' and therefore doesn't feel as if any of the others can possibly understand what he or she goes through, and deals with, daily.

*What does this mean? Why isn't it any easier to share this understanding?* Well, the society which we are a part of operates partly on a subjective value system. If life

experiences are of any value, then certainly, a one who is in possession of a certain insight, and who is somewhat outside, or under the local social society, should be inspired to share his or her more circumspect views and opinions. *But, such a one is mainly drawn back inwardly, into his or her own mind, and soul, and doesn't feel that there is any easy or clear way to explain the magical or unreal reality which he or she is privy to...* and so, while the community operates quite normally, and most people are good at keeping up the 'status quo,' the person at the fringe of the group, who is given a 'higher,' or

'ephemeral' view into an hidden world,  
*which the others (maybe) can't see, is too*  
*often practically shut out from the daily on*  
*goings, and most of the meetings, and*  
*observances through a normal day*  
*sometimes seem to serve only to, dismay*  
*and diss enfranchise him or her...* while the  
others get in the full swing of ordinary life.

You don't have to think too hard, to see  
that, while consensus reality speaks of a  
'hidden,' or 'secret' world, which only one  
member of the group is privy to,  
supposedly, he'll never even get the first  
acknowledgement, because of the simple  
fact that, in truth, *every adult is 'party to*



*an alien world...' not just one or two... but such is, inherently, not real... any more real than the figments of anyone's imagination will be real.* The amazing thing, will be that any one person's imagination will be a highly energetic realm of visions, and cognitive, tactile sensation, *and although complex, intense emotions are par for the course, as in some of the U F O literature, the others won't necessarily reveal any inkling that this is the case... because the society shuns these thoughts, ordinarily.* So, you can easily see the endless enigma, of group home living. Whoever said that such was always a fair arrangement, for

everyone, just didn't or couldn't see what I see. At any rate, these are some thoughts, here this morning. The more I think about and dwell upon a thing, the worse such thing begins to appear to me. So I'm definitely ready and able to write these thoughts out, like this. This gets the thoughts off of my chest, and others will then be able to read. *As far as I'm concerned, any writing is good, or can be made into good writing... in so far as I'll subtractively walk such back, from the primitive expression to something more conscious.* And I always do this with my writing... now's no exception. Anyways,

sometimes, *all I can do, is to continue going behind myself, and looking at what the present shows, and make the best observations I know how, with limited information.* I like this new writing, And I guess that this explains my stressors, this afternoon, *as new developments of any kind almost always face resistance.* We always make it harder, when we have emotions of anger, or resentment, and don't share, or have good means to share. *I would ordinarily get myself to my piano... you see, it makes it harder when we keep things inside... when I should tell someone, in music or literature.* At any rate, this is

what I see. As I sit here, I'm kind of telling myself... *'Remember my heart yoga,'* and, this to prevent my migraines. I tell you, doing this practice, has gotten my moods and inner phenomena to a very stable place, and I'm grateful... you see, I see the light, sometimes in a good, important way, *just by the way that my media listening choices are determined randomly... (It's amazing, the sense of providence, when the answers I find, are usually the right answers, for the occasion!*

Such is the value of a good podcast resource library.) At any rate, I hope that this present writing makes sense to my

reader, and that it has good purpose. *I'm glad to get my newest book project a little farther along, and I enjoy making my audio book chapter, and using my piano soundscapes, in this.* Well, I guess I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. I remember, as I close this, how our Thanksgiving is a little more than one week off now... so enjoy yourself, with your family... remember those who are less fortunate than we are, and to avoid the pitfall of excessive consumption! Well, all for now, have a good weekend. Greg.

~

*'Leaving too soon' is something I'd avoid  
ordinarily, but in nineteen and ninety  
nine, the time was nigh... and I did.'*

This little remark suffices to symbolize the  
mixed emotions of a bittersweet time... *an  
Nada Terma sound is mainly explained,  
and justified by the 'mature sound.'* 'He  
turned a corner, and rounded the bend...  
*Not into annihilation, but into a temporary  
loss.'* You'll find, a happier and healthier  
society becomes, statistically, more of a

like lee hood as we learn to focus upon the good things again, not the bad things. The nice thing about the yoga stretching visualization, appears to be that such affords somewhat immediate relief from the lateral pressure, which is brought on by the verbal nature of some thinking. *Such suffices to replace the 'excessive thinking' in my mind with a natural, physiology based visualization, which not only gives you a method, of leveraging your subtle willpower, to modulate your chattering thoughts, but which also seems to alleviate the lateral pressure... useful for times when stressors cloud and block your mind, and*

*you begin to lose control.*

Just rest in the cognitive visualization of raising arms up past the sides of your head, reaching for the heavens. Maybe, just maybe, you'll make a kind of evolutionary leap forward, in your living, *and you won't have another set back.* I think that yoga visualizations are an human advancement... in other words, a natural leap forward, out of the pathos of the pains of difficult walking. At any rate, this is a partly sunny Saturday morning in middle November this year. I rest upon this couch, while I watch some recent nature videos and input these ideas presently. Maybe you can see the



'arms raised' visualization *as being when the driver 'takes the reins,' and directs...*

*bridle and the bit in the mouth are the means.* The driver, or higher spirit tells the animal which way to go by pulling the reins to the right or left. This effectively stops the mindless chatter... ***and, this alone is a revolution, and an end in itself.*** At

any rate, I've often used this kind of imagery to represent the *'taming of the tongue,'* and the great benefit this affords.

The lateral pressure you often feel, is, I think, due to the ways your verbal thoughts may be unnecessarily affecting the heavenly plane, and its inhabitants, too.

See, too often our thoughts wander into forbidden, or sensitive lands, and hence the lateral pressure. *(The Good Lord shows you the problems of unbridled verbalizing.*

*So, the times when the oversoul really 'takes the reins,' are arguably when you're at your most real, and actualized... so I love this yoga position visualization... this means God has you closely in the palm of his or her hand.)* Well, at any rate, I sit

here, on this bed, in this chilly middle November evening, and inputting these thoughts into this blue tooth keyboard. Our family of three children, growing up, had my Dad's sister in law, who we called Aunt

Martha. This Martha had had a long, happy and healthy life, and had passed away, back in two thousand and eighteen... but, she was really too young to have died of anything, and she was healthy... *that just goes to show how, 'Death is no respecter of persons.'* The blue tooth keyboard I have now, belonged to this Aunt Martha... it came to me, and has been very useful in inputting into my smart device. I tell my reader this, so that you see, how good things in my disabled person's life are few and far between... *they don't just magically appear, in my hands, but come only through our good, healthy family*

*relationships.* At any rate, with a good, solid visualization exercise, *which is based on human physiology*, and not just off in cloud land somewhere, I feel more empowered, than I have in a while. Just where would I be without it? I'd just probably be a lot more overwhelmed, by the tension headaches which this new written article has brought up... *there's a new finished audiobook chapter, somewhere within this writing... I just have to find it.* I sit here, this evening, and I've got most of my belongings packed up, and ready for a life move. I've never stayed in any group home longer than five years, and

I've been here seven years... so my thinking is, a change will do me good. I'll only unpack certain things, if I need to use them between now and the middle of next week.

My moving soon depends partly upon my getting a good health report, from my recent lab tests, at a clinic in a nearby town. I might have to go to the hospital, if

I appear to have any more internal bleeding, or anemia. *But, I think that I'm well enough... at least I feel well.* At any rate, the more things change, the more they stay the same. Being blessed with good physical health is no accident. I was raised mostly on high fiber, whole grain foods,

and I was rarely given sugar. Growing up, cycling on the rural roads around my country town built up endurance, and leg strength. *Hiking and camping almost monthly, through all of the years I was in my parents household, gave me a toughness, and familiarity with outdoor wisdoms gave me some perspective in the paleo history of the American South East.*

As a child, I dreamed of one day broadcasting my original piano over my very own short wave radio station... *me and my imagination just didn't realize how the microtechnology revolutions would put super computers in our shirt pockets...*

*back then, these types of computers took up whole rooms. At any rate, later, it's nearly*

my bed time, and I'm planning and conceiving of later connecting my desktop computer, tomorrow, to finish this first chapter of this new audio book... otherwise I'll have to wait until later next week to add this new article in and finish it. I figure, in

writing, I can easily use the unspoken commonplace, to somewhat encapsulate the present, on these pages. *This, so that I'll*

*better remember this time, so that it will be more than just a gray wash of impressions.*

At any rate, this morning I've awoken early, to take advantage of this quiet and peaceful

study time... Maybe I'll finish this article by breakfast. In earlier writing I've employed this colloquial, common language writing style, and I've been quite happy with the results... *one needn't be on a higher plane, mentally to somewhat be illustrative of your present... just write about what's in front of you.* At any rate, this will be a journalistic accounting. Well, I hope you're doing good, and making a festive season this Thanksgiving. I'll bring this writing to a close, and send along your way now. All for now, Greg.



~

**'OUR HUMAN BODY AND MIND AND  
consciousness is a miracle machine... it  
wants to work a miracle for you**

**approximately every three days!'** This

enlightened quote is borrowed from a  
nutrition wellness speaker, I heard at a  
wholistic living conference, from more  
than thirty years ago. *In a way, we as  
people are all on the trail of the 'space  
dream,' and the gradual minimizing it  
brings to the personality.* I think that yoga  
visualizations and other inner meditative

practices are stops along the way to a richer relationship with God, *and tend to nurture and nourish the meaning in your spiritual life... meaning being contrasted with worthlessness, or boredom.* A life without meaning would be dark and cold. This writing you see here is born from an intimate relationship between myself and my trusted familiars. Such will be contented to remain idle for only so long... *I'll pick up my pen and notebook to write ideas out.* Being somewhat experienced with spiritualist phenomena, one such as myself might, say, give generous license to a trusted familiar. *But even a trusted*

*spiritual relationship may yet become susceptible to ego distortion, and bias. I am a frequent writer. I write to deal with the trouble that sometimes arises in society... trouble that comes along with having a body that dreams... and a mind that considers its own self, and tries to make good sense from the images and scenes mirrored in its surfaces. I think that my most common failing is in not properly recognizing the wonder, and sacred majesty which having a spiritual relationship with a trusted familiar includes. These times we live in are so mean... some of the time, your self blaming is so intense, you'll have*

*you and your familiars both discarded as unwanted... when you haven't done anything to deserve that.* It's hard to see your human potential from a low place like that. Only God's love can rescue you then.

At any rate, it's a frosty thirty one degree morning, and I sit, inputting these thoughts herein. As a young man I became interested in New Age beliefs, and the Eastern mysticism, such as I could find at my local bookstore. My friends told me about meditations and visualizations, and especially about the telepathic latency we all have as humans. *But I was particularly dense, it seemed, and while I was brought*

*into the inner Mysteries eventually, the time and place and circumstances had to be just right.* This process required, for myself, about five years of blind stumbling.

But I had companionship along the way.

Only the last few footsteps I had to take alone. If you can see the eternal dilemma of trying to make sense out of the devil's handiwork, you'll see how, for most people who are serious about finding peace, *he will have played his cards already... the person just wants to take back his powers, so to speak, by just making the lemons into lemonade.* At any rate, I've found, from experience, that the problem with having a

dreaming, feeling, visualizing, self aware  
consciousness, and being in touch with  
higher consciousnesses, *is that, inevitably,*  
*higher order beings, begin brokering with*  
*your cognitive bandwidth.* Bargaining with  
Mother Nature, is such an old old topic,  
for, with the superstitious minds we have,  
how can we ensure our tribes safety and  
protection? *Usually, the answer is, by*  
*sacrificing some of my conscious waking*  
*quality time, for the abstract cause, or*  
*goal, of 'safe journey.'* This is really a  
tremendous toll on one's mind, and the  
person then says to himself, *'Well, if I'm*  
*reading this right, my time is more*

*precious to myself than solid gold... so I'm going to be very very thrifty with how I share my time,'* and, sadly, the person begins to go silent, and never socialize, and just moves through his life like a shadow of his former self. At any rate, *I feel that this is a great neurotic loss, and people everywhere become conscripted as 'self sacrificial guinea pigs.'* The problem isn't with our human elders, and ancestors, but with the alien consciousnesses they partner with. And, I'm writing this only reluctantly, because part of me only wants God's will... but, the human in me, says plainly, so I can hear, *for me to 'Get off*

*that wretched tread mill... and don't ever let it do that to yourself again.'* There's nothing wrong with writing, and creating music, and so forth, *just don't let the attendant alien presences start 'sacrificing, and metering, your quality time,' and the 'good feelings,' in your life, for the 'common good.'* Because this is too much like enslavement. At any rate, I don't think you will see writing on topics like this one very often, so you can probably tell, writing on this matter is somewhat privileged, but I believe that *'there's nothing you can sing that can't be sung,'* and this is one of my guiding philosophies. Well, at



any rate. *I believe that a temporary journey through one's land's hospital, or social welfare system can be a very good thing, and can, in fact, 'restore my faith,' in the good science of medicine, and set a person back into his or her community with a reformulated outlook.* For many people, resetting their sobriety, *and their faith in a positive outcome is therapeutic enough to make a significant positive life change.*

I've myself been there, and have come home restored, numerous times. At any rate, I tell you this, so that you see how, a hospital, or rehabilitation term, for a person, can be very beneficial, and

shouldn't be thought of as the 'end of the line,' but as the start of a new beginning, no matter what. So, don't believe the negative stories, necessarily until you've heard the good. Anyways, I hope this start of my new part two, of this twenty twenty four part A audiobook finds you healthy and happy. I'll bring this writing to a close, and add it in with the others. All for now,  
Greg.

~

What things look like to me, to be completely honest, *is that twenty first century popular culture, is a mixture of old and new, to be sure.* Much of what I usually peer into, is either vintage, twentieth century media, or else new, previously unseen or unheard media, which is for the most part just breaking the surface. And, I guess, the reason I'm kind of shy of this *expansive, novel, and diverse culture, is that it is also full of interesting, but sometimes startling and unexpected twists and turns,* which keep the reader guessing, as to just what is being created, in the first place. Is it too selfish for me to suggest,

that some of my media, as well, has its own peculiarities, and ideosync ra sees, *like the best of the mainstream popular appeal media developers has given?* My own has a few surprises, of it's own... such that, I would say that, I sometimes ask myself, just, *'What have I created?'* *'What is being created in this piece?'* Or another? Modern entertainment isn't shy, and it isn't bland, either. I guess what I'm saying, is that *'You're not the only one, who sometimes breaks bad, or who sits and wonders, 'What have I done?'* Quite the contrary, popular culture is full of those who ask existential questions, and who ponder sometimes

extensively over art in media, and, ask themselves, 'What does it really mean?'

*So, you're not the only one, whoever you are. Does this writing make sense to you? It sure does to me. The main reason that I don't look at much network media, is because of its untamed ways. It's just that, nearly every time I sit to watch some television, it makes me intimidated and scared. And it's not the personalities, so much, or the actors, or actresses, necessarily, I think it's the commercial nature of it, and the commercial interrupt shuns... it too often comes across as an 'eye in the sky,' or as an robotic presence that I*

*can't escape.* So I turn it off. And, I guess I'm naturally attracted, to the hippy dream of a *'television and radio, that you yourself can control the content of,'* where you're guaranteed to like the programming, because you made some or all of it! It's your own personal homemade jukebox content, and that's the meaning of my media, to me, and the reason I offer online media, is so that others can share in the joy *which, for instance, me and my friend Hal found, back in the late nineties, as we realized we liked playing back our own recorded jam sessions much better than our store bought tapes and records.* So, for

those who have discovered this secret, this trick, *I guess you'll always find your own work to be better, and you'll have no apologies to offer the commercial media giants, whatsoever.* But, I will say, how looking at the way, that in making life changes, such as a change of residence, or a change of your place of employment, or just making a beginning in an art or craft, *these life moves, in general, are more difficult, when one has a 'public persona,' to keep up, such as a popular writer, or musician might would have, as you'll tend to have twenty two hundred eyesight, around 'life moves,' like this.* At any rate,

this is a frosty thirty two degree morning,  
in late November, here, *and I have been  
adjusting to my own life change.* If my  
reader will just bear with me, until I figure  
out the main ideas I'm talking about this  
morning, whether one thing, or another, I'd  
appreciate it. Journal ing, in this fashion,  
or recording yourself on a musical  
instrument, whatever is your path, in art,  
definitely brings into one's life purpose,  
and direction, *and, helps things appear  
more clear, (to paraphrase the song,) and*  
definite. At any rate, our higher spiritual  
presences always see and understand much  
more than we on this mortal plaine can see,



necessarily, so you'll have to pay attention to the 'still small voice,' for he or she is way ahead of you. *Setbacks are a part of living, and I think that the Good Lord is waiting, then, to take the occasional setback, and let it kind of, be the lesson plan, and material for getting, for instance, your writing a little further along, or some piano performances recorded.* I tend to think that writing is the main way that I can get a problem to move behind myself... but recording myself playing the piano can be just as effective, and especially music makers tend to easily 'shake off,' the travails of a setback, or difficulty of any

kind. If it seems like, I am dwelling around  
the matter of recovering from setbacks, I  
would say how *just by staying, mentally on  
the 'page' where life places you,  
temporarily, you can effectively 'work  
through,' issues in your community, which  
appear to affect you in any way, from week  
to week... following each branch of the  
stream along, a ways, and offering your  
conclusions, or ideas in general.* But, I  
would offer that when you're ready to move  
along, just listening to that still small  
voice, not in the television or radio, no, ***but  
within your own life and ways, your own  
heritage...*** and being receptive, in general,

you'll come through it. *If you have family, currently, or in your past memory, these will likely be relationships that have meaning and significance, which transcend the contemporary life issues which you may be experiencing?* At any rate, looking within family albums, and heirlooms can, in time, bring a grandson or daughter into *'full fledged enlightenment of the soul.'*

But, the precise inner nature of this transformation is so obscure, and always elusive. *Nothing like the written out specifics of psychology, which you'll find in a textbook.* Psychology isn't spirituality. But, in many ways, what we are trying to

do, in journaling, and creative writing, in general, is to articulate the occult, and the obscure under pinnings of your own existence, in language which is familiar to yourself, alone, and which thereby tells your own story. *I've often thought how, everyone presently living, has within him or her self, a bookshelf, of sorts, of somewhat completed literature, if one is prepared to just receive and reveal it, upon the page.* I think that the trick to this blessing, is in staying continually focused with your trusted familiar... whomever he or she may be, to yourself, *so that you'll know and recognize when the presence is*

*working in language... hammering out, or  
working language out... because, if you'll  
pick up your pen and notebook, then, or  
situate yourself in front of your word  
procesor, you'll get some novel ideas out.*

Well, these ideas have run their course, and  
are beginning to slow, somewhat, so I'll  
wrap this writing up and add it in with the  
others. All for now, Greg.

~

***'Ideas are power. In living, if you can***

*describe, and categorize a phenomena... if you can put a label on it... it's power over you will then be much less. This certainly amounts to a squaring away of an experience... and brings closure and completion.' 'Spiritualist experiences range the spectrum. With sufficient experience at living with higher ascended presences, and the sharpening, and refining this brings to the character... the endless false starts, and dead end alley ways... there will eventually come forth a set of advanced abilities... it is then that intelligent work can be found and given.'*

These are two examples of the kind of

thinking which can solve problems, and be given as literature. In living, a person will encounter problems, this is just a part of life. Then as he or she works his thoughts about them out on paper, or into a word processor, then this product, *this reasoning out, of ideas, will stand, and represent the time period, for the person, and thereby suffice as something to show for that time.* At any rate, the day is Sunday, and we have just had our breakfast, and taken care of chores and hi jean. I'm resting with this word processor open on my lap, and writing and meditating on my yoga visualization. Maybe, I'm finding the work

of pushing on despite unforeseen  
circumstances... or metaphorically  
speaking, 'the walking is hard.' But, as  
expected, if you do your best, you'll  
probably see how, *while millions of people  
did precisely what they were supposed to  
do, and completed the job, there was only  
the one person who broke the law.* These  
wouldn't be bad stats, at all, so don't blame  
yourself... don't settle for anything less  
than a peaceful way for yourself. At any  
rate, just some thoughts. As a child, I had  
brought some of the heavenly ambrosia  
with me along into life... so my folks saw  
an expressive piano player in my future...



*God was so good to allow this to be actualized in my grown up life... so I'm very blessed. Do you know how Having faith in yourself is so important? I'm telling myself, 'Just go with what you've got, Greg!' 'You're a meditative piano player, and don't forget it.' Another way to see this, is in having faith in yourself... well, this, too, means that you've got to have belief in a good God... and not just in what the world's stereotypes dictate... that you're on the down slide, or that you're cursed. See, some of us partner with the good Lord, and you'll have together made a good career for yourself... and I've got to*

*do my part, and see only continuing good outcomes, in the work that my online media can do. It seems to be belief in a good God, and in seeing things in general going well for yourself, which you will need.*

Maybe you allowed yourself to get depressed, when your living arrangement, your place of residence fell through. Just tell yourself, that you're in a better place now, so that things in your life should go better than they did for a while. *It wasn't your fault.* You had a difficult transition, and some hurt feelings, *but you're settled now, and can get back to healthy belief in your system... and in the good outcomes.*

At any rate, this is something which I can see, if I try. I have thought how, perspective is everything... *so I just know my reader can see a brighter future in the cards, now, in general... this, now, is truly an good life move.* Say for example, you're dealing with the rocks in the path, and the often steep, uneven walking. *When you reach the back stretch, and much easier walking opens out, you'll just find joy, naturally, and you won't have to try so very hard.* Well, at any rate, I seem to be having a better time with things, this week, in general. Our day is getting along, now, and a three day rain is moving out... the sun is

trying to come out, and with it an improvement in my mood... so feeling better now. I'm still thinking about my writing, from last week... and how such seemed to come together so well, and with no negative issues to speak of. *So, fortune smiles on me, today... and, I hope tomorrow, as well.* I'll try and see the other side... it's not so wrong or right, or cut and dried, necessarily, but, to paraphrase the song, *it's usually a 'sunny shade of gray...'* So group home living isn't, or might not be an ultimate panacea... any more than life itself is always going to be fair... I think, when you see how, things still might come

down unto the 'haves and the have nots,'  
but you'll see that, in this arrangement,  
both are made much easier... you'd never  
know how either or both might well have  
been 'difficult cases' once, but, with the  
impartially managed group home way,  
you'll find both are then much easier, *and  
this way really won't be any more trouble,  
in most cases.* Well, just some thoughts.

In my creative life, I've always somewhat  
been drawn to music, which offers just vast  
expanses of sound to stretch out in, and this  
is just what I believe in. Some people are  
just so gifted, that you can call them  
'Touched by the hand of God,' and they will

occupy a unique place. Their influence reaches far, and much gets spoken of them, in between the lines. *But, not really for myself to say... but just to offer my best thinking, to a few anonymous, interested readers.* If you want planet changing literature, look elsewhere. I like my planet pretty much the way it is. At any rate, I hope you can find this literature, and in this season of giving, it suffices as a merry toast to the times, this Sunday in early December this year. Well, these thoughts appear to be winding down, and so I'll add them in with the others, and send along your way. All for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to write a few thoughts, this morning, I'm impressed with how, things in general, in my part of the world, appear to be getting along in the usual way, and some of my extra cognitive bandwidth can be easily directed into filling out this next article in this journal. *So, this is what I do, and this activity helps give my morning a sense of purpose, and direction.* Other than

this, we would ordinarily have a group meeting in the morning, but we didn't have one today, so, my brainstorming can continue up to and after lunch. I sit on this bed, with my word processor open on my lap, and input these good ideas as they occur to me. I am of the opinion, that usually, it's going to be better Quality, for myself to have work going onto the page, and to have this to show, for the time, than to not have any results at all. *So, 'to be' is better than 'not to be,' as long as you aren't detracting, or subtracting, any Quality from the morning schedule, as it is.* You'll definitely want to choose words carefully,



as not all writing is at all productive, and not all writing is benign. But, I'm definitely looking forward to having this new work, *and I feel, for the most part, that I'm competent, and capable of doing it, with no negative side effects whatsoever.*

And '*that's work,*' in my opinion, and contributes toward the meaningful completion of this '*book of ideas...*' it seems to me as if I can add onto it at any time of the day, *when I would otherwise be doing nothing with my time.* So, I've got some confirmation that this type of writing, is generally comparative to any good work I've ever done. *There's a big difference,*

*from the experimental, or novice types of writing, though, and the more mature, professional styles. I've written before, of how the experimental nature of some beginning times, and styles, seems, to be possessed of more imagination, and poetic zeal, than the more time weathered styles, such as this one, which appear to be more rote, or pre determined. At any rate, the voice which one is given, in any writing session... when the writer is in good standing, and good faith, will likewise be sincere and willing... and this appears to help confirm, and affirm, that the contemporary time is good... that there*

*won't be any surprises, and that the work will eventually come through, and will be thought good.* So, as I can see, I've used my discerning eyesight, in conjunction with this work I am given, this morning, to somewhat square away another good day, and week ahead. As this time gets along, I hope soon to get some confirmation that my recent lab work results are in normal ranges. As it is, I have an appointment this week with a gastro intestinal specialist, and he'll read my lab results, and know how to proceed. I might not know much, until I meet with him. At any rate, my feelings this morning are pretty good, and most

things seem in the normal ranges for me,  
*but I'll be ready to get any information  
from the Gee Eye specialist, as soon as  
possible.* I think, we've got a mostly sunny  
week ahead, at least through Wednesday, or  
Thursday, *and I'm looking forward to  
getting outside and getting some sun.* This  
year, I happened to have a hundred and  
fifty dollars, when I closed out an account,  
and this went mostly toward purchasing  
Christmas gifts for my parents, and my  
sisters and their husbands and children.  
*So, that's all taken care of,* and I can use  
the little money I saved from last weeks  
allowance plus this weeks allowance, to get

something I want for myself, this week.

December is here. *At any rate, a good heart yoga this afternoon, might be something like 'Raise your arms up past the sides of your head, and reach your hands upwards toward Heaven.'* This kind of position really allows your upper arms to kind of blend away the tension migraines at the sides of your head. Imagine your arms pressing snugly against the sides of your head, as the tension and pressure blends away. At any rate, today is sunny and wendy, with good fifteen to twenty mile per hour gusts. The fleece jacket, and gloves I am wearing are about right, for sitting at

this picnic table, facing the sun... *It is very good to get sunlight on your face some, at least once a day. This is effective to scare off depression... especially in getting the sun in your eyes, and onto your retina.* My juke box, on this smart device, is providing my ears a continuous stream of good, interesting, modern music. *(Let me explain. By modern music, I mean, that I have, in my spare time, been watching the main internet directories for two decades, and finding and selecting what I feel are the best, most original and aesthetically pleasing free music uploads which I can download, and add to my always growing*

*collection. Most free music uploads, are given via a creative commons license... meaning it's original music which has been placed online, by the artist, or artists, and offered, for nothing... with only the agreement, 'For your personal use only. If you share this free music, it's to be done only giving the artist, or artists full attribution... and not be re broadcast.'*)

See? So you should be able to understand, how after twenty years of this 'beach combing,' one's collection will grow to eight or ten thousand tracks. *Surfing, or searching this kind of collection, is a very interesting past time, and can be done by*

*Album, Artist, Genre, or song, in various ways... and is like reminiscing with all of your favorite friends... your favorite things, and photographs, and keepsakes.*

At any rate, this song list can be 'played back' randomly on shuffle, *and is endlessly interesting.* Well, the sun is sinking lower, and my face is getting some sunburn. I'll get back in the house, now, and rest for a while. This sort of daily life journaling is useful, as such will suffice as something to show for the time, *and provide a meaningful record, of this time in my life, for myself, for my memories sake.* I will want my memories to be more than just a



gray wash, so keeping notes will tend to complement my memories, and suffice as a guide to my pasts. *I believe that almost everything we experience, from day to day, is saved as memories... it's just helpful to have an easy method for retrieving them.*

Well, as this day has gotten along, I've gotten some Christmas work accomplished, making optical discs of recent material of mine for nee ces and nephews, cousins and sisters. With this winding down, now, it's time to rest, before supper. I'm pretty tired out, now. *I'm just again grateful, that I'm in this home, I am accounted for, and that I have a clean, warm bed to sleep in.* Well,

I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, in sitting down, to collect my thoughts, this morning, I'm looking forward to getting past this mid week time, and getting along into the weekend. As I'm sifting and sorting through ideas, there are discards, *and then there are keepers*. The vast majority of my thoughts are somewhat meaningless... some, for instance, are

given of frustrations, and resentments, *and are better left unsaid.* Usually, there will be just one thought, which will fit, *and my writing this morning is a process of arriving upon this one thought.* Across the past week or so, I've gotten some good writing down on paper, and maybe to share. But, I should mention, how sharing right away isn't necessary, at all... I've gotten a lot of good work down this past five years or so... so much, in fact, that just sitting on my thoughts, and not feeling like I have to get them out, is fine by me... *as I'll definitely have the completed work, to set store by.* At any rate, I sit slowly mulling,

and writing this good Wednesday morning.

It's good to know, that there's no need to get any certain ideas out, or to prove myself, at all, to speak of. *Just letting writing come easily and as 'the leaves on a tree,' and not forcing it in any way.* I'm glad to have my belongings all stowed away, and everything appears to have found a place... which is better than I had expected, as I have a good bit of stuff, and I'm especially grateful that there was a space behind my bed's head board, for my shelving, which holds books, for instance, and things I use every day. An cloth covered storage box fits at the end of my

bed, and my dee vee dee player and television sits nicely on that. I think that it's good that I don't feel any need to share these thoughts, right now, *but if I have plenty time anyway, and wish to add these in with the others, this would certainly be possible.* At any rate, I sit on this bed, and listening to a cee dee on my dee vee dee player through an headphone extension cord... the audio signal is glitchy, and keeps cutting in and out, *but this does have the remarkable effect of making me appreciate the beauty in the music more...* I found this out a long time ago... how jerry rigged sound systems and low end

headphones sound so much better... and then, *when they wear out, it's not an expensive loss.* I hope that this writing this morning suffices as 'literary content,' if you were looking for something more 'thoughtful,' then maybe my next article will be more to your liking. At any rate, I sit outside at this picnic table, writing into this smart device using my blue tooth keyboard. The temperature this morning is chilly, with a light breeze... I'm waiting for the sunn to come out from behind a cloud, and somewhat provide some radiant warmth... *this will make being out here more tolerable.* Thirty minutes later, it's

been sunny for a while, and now, I'm getting hot! *These trees around this house bear paper shell pecans, and I've just shelled and eaten some... they are so good.*

But, lunch will be prepared in about an hour. Pecans though, are better for you than some menu items... *and they have lots of tannic acid, which is a strong anti oxidant.* My reading has shown me that aging is primarily caused by excessive cellular metabolism. Anti oxidants are good for slowing this process down. At any rate, I enjoy sitting outside, and getting sunshine like this is the best part of this.

When you need to get away from the usual

surroundings, indoors, for instance, *or if you want some fresh air, or want to give your roommate time and breathing room, coming out here to the back yard, where this picnic table is, is the best thing you can do.* If there's one thing I know, it's that life moves, as in moving to a new place of residence, can leave a person bruised, and wishing to slow down, and get back to simple pleasures, like writing, or sketching. Getting outside can really help this kind of recovery... anyone needs solitude now and then, *and this here, at this group home, in the back yard, is the best I've found in a while.* So, I'm really counting my



blessings, and grateful that the weather is good right now. The sun is getting lower, as the afternoon is getting along. I'm looking forward to the evening, and am glad, *also because I've been sleeping better, and I think that this just means everything.* Well, the afternoon is still breezy, and chilly, so the setting sun feels good, full on my face. I'll get in and find a quick afternoon snack, as supper will be a while yet. At any rate, it's good to be back inside, with the indoor warmth, and it's also good to say, how all of my recent goals have come through one hundred percent, as mine just isn't hard to please, with what I

feel is the amazing benefits of writing like this, and the recent piano shows and videos doing so well. *I'm also grateful that the day's comings and goings have gone well, as the day's visitors have all gone home.*

Well, that's what I can see, and have managed to include, in this day's revue. I'll wrap this present writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I'm sitting down, now, after breakfast, and  
after my shower, and before the day's  
ongoing, to try and collect some thoughts,  
*and maybe conclude this audio book  
chapter.* Usually, if I'll just keep my word  
processor open, and my mind focused on  
my advancing thoughts, there will be  
sufficient 'free, or static energy,' to see  
gradual progress. Thoughts, and sentences,  
and paragraphs tend to want to come to  
their most logical ends, *as our language  
operates something like the flowing of an  
electrical current through a set circuit.* At  
any rate, if you've followed this audio  
book, so far, you might know, how my

ideas haven't been 'great,' or 'monumental,' but have been more commonplace, and ordinary. *I appreciate you, if your journey has been with me, in following these thoughts.* I think, that it's hard to want and desire progress, but to find no evidence of any progress whatsoever. This has a reason, mainly that I can only access the internet once a week, and this, at the end of the work week. It's not that there hasn't been progress, *I just haven't been able to share it.* So, at any rate, one day a week is a lot better than none, so here is the expanded, new chapter. I hope you enjoy it. *For myself, this week, by Thursday,*

*today, I have pretty much cleared the weeks hurdles. So, I'm much more relaxed and at ease now, than I was yesterday. And, I don't mean to be agonizing, it's just that I'm relieved the walking is easier now. I wish that I could be more stealthy, but I have a public persona. At any rate, I think that clouds are expected tomorrow, and some blustery storms. These will begin to move in this afternoon. But, we've got sunshine for the present. Things usually take care of themselves, and I'll rise to the occasion if necessary. My worry and over thinking is mainly due to my self doubts... if I could believe in myself, things would*

*be a lot easier.* At least our system, in this part of the world is reliable... so go with that. *I'm 'counting my blessings.'* Using this writer plus software, for instance, makes inputting text much easier. Every change I make gets saved, automatically, and I can go back in time, keystroke by keystroke, to a previous state. In back of our house, the pecan trees have squirrels running around in them playfully. I've noticed before how siblings stay together, and play in tandem, running in groups. I love squirrels... they have large, sentient eyes, and remind me of wizened old men. I remember seeing them clowning, in various

ways... running upside down across the yard under the power lines, for instance.

*Another time I was sitting smoking tobacco, and one of the squirrels climbed up the tree next to me, and got to my eye level, looking me in the eye, with a 'cigarette' clamped in his teeth... it was a short tree branch, which looked like a cigarette... he was copying me, I thought.*

At any rate, those are my squirrel tales.

We're all looking forward to getting out today, and there are a few things that I need from the department store. Well, to be honest I have to know how to solve daily problems, and salvaging the devil's

handiwork is my usual concern... this is pretty important, *as he always tries to run away with my results.* I've heard of right brain thinking and left brain thinking... and the right hand side is definitely where weather shows up early... not just weather, but anything which has change potential... change variables of any sort... *including car trips, meetings, and cable television.* My right side is my barometer, where any earth changes whatsoever show up. That's just somewhat how it is... *the best I can do most times is to find a small mechanism, like this writing process, in this software, on this smart device, and let my mind focus*



*in on it... if I work at it enough, I'll eventually solve it completely, and I'll have a complete article. So, sorry if you were an anti development person, or if zero growth is your mantra. I'll get back to writing, before I let myself get sick, or start any symptoms.* This is all somewhat like texting back and forth with yourself, and actually having an interesting conversation. But this produces good, prolific output on such a wide variety of topics. In fact, I've never read anything so eclectic. You can see, writing like this is second nature to my creative process... and the auto complete helps me avoid blunders. So my writing is

A I augmented, to be sure. *The stereotypes which I have to deal with form a definite chaotic force, (at my right brain, in particular,) and the artificial intelligence, (and my common sense,) hopefully is the 'catcher in the rye,' to prevent things from 'getting away' from me.* I think my writing always walks the fine line between sanity, and chaos. Some cognitive experiences are like driving in city traffic. 'Zen Driving' is a great concept, but it needs adapting somewhat if you're a passenger. These days, my usual work load is so enormous that I have to really be prepared to hustle, and hunker down. *Difficulties come out of*

*nowhere, that's for sure... just like life in the spotlight.* At any rate, the need to know what's going on around one's self is a huge distraction, when you're outside. *Isn't real life interesting?* I know I'll be glad to get back home... *where I have more control.*

I'm neurotic... *but it's definitely a 'narrows' that opens back out.* At any rate, my words are tapering off, so I'll bring this writing to a close, and put it with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, I'll get some writing done... maybe that will buffer my in between meeting times... *when the day's troubles and worries put my mind 'under pressure.'* I know there's news and weather which I need to see, and hear, and I'll get to it... *but I feel like going it slow right now. It's cold outside... it's not warm out there, but in the thirties.* At any rate, I'll get back to writing. If I think about a problem, I can usually see a better way. If you resolve not to be victimized by life's inn equities, *you'll use your technology to save your thoughts... it's designed especially to*

*empower the underdog, if you'll take your initiative.* Society's problems are serviceable linguistically. *Words are the way spiritual beings represent themselves, **not the other way around.*** Because some people think that words bring spirit beings. These two ways of seeing show how some people are just outside of the conversation, ***some are just inside of it.*** I can hear the pure verve in this expressive jazz piano stylist's solos. Her improvisations are some of the most original I've ever heard. When my listener's ear gets tired of my own playing, her playing has a way of refreshing my pall at... and of making mine

sound brand new. *What very good work!*  
*It inspires me to do more of my own.* That's  
all I know to say! Well the day's Friday,  
it's the late afternoon, and I'm looking  
forward to getting this writing further  
along as the evening progresses. It's the  
excitement and wonder of 'What will my  
writing do?' So, it's fun. You know, when  
I think my walking is lonely, it's then when  
I remember how God has got me... ***I'm not  
alone at all.*** I've got some good recent  
playing of my own going out. It's nice to  
hear that played back on my new C D  
player, and to be happy with the results... I  
guess that amounts to some good work. As

I mull over this writing, I'm looking at a recent nature video, and listening to this recent piano playing. *The thoughts in my mind aren't impressed so much with my own work, as I am the Spirit's presence in my playing...* what's your view on the gift of a familiar's artistry? I do feel so graced, and the blessings are so overflowing... God has smiled upon me... *I'll receive whatever it is, if it feels this right...* and when the world speaks of Spirit muses, *I'll only wish to stay in step with what 'makes me happy.'*

I could listen to a piano album like this again and again... it's so good for me. I just realized, how my mind is so much

more peaceful tonight, with yesterday's disruptive thoughts gone now. At any rate, it's almost supper time, this second Friday in December this year. *It's a chilly night outside, but warm in here.* I'm nestled in this bed, inputting these thoughts into this smart device's word processor software, and listening to music. Saturday morning now. Sure, I got right to sleep last night, and the next morning, is cold and cloudy. We're expecting blustery, rainy weather, with little sunn shine until tomorrow afternoon. At least that's what I heard yesterday. Well, to conclude this audiobook chapter, *I'm listening to my*



*friend talking about basic human values, how all of the nations should sit equally represented at a common forum. Our own nation's constitution, hopefully is based around principles of liberty and justice, and equality. I know that, if I want to find, and distill the spirit of a time, I'll need to have a healthy spiritual relationship. I've been moving my writing along for a while, now... it makes sense that I feel the need to grow closer to my own higher power... I think that I can learn and grow, if I'll just read my mind's recent output... in my writing... and find understanding of my higher self in this way. At any rate, you can see the ways*

I tend to think, and see, through this. *But you might should 'look within' your own self, if this is really your goal. 'Know thyself, and to thine own self be true.'*

*This, I think, is the clarion call of the Godly. The 'spiritual journey' in general has ways of toughening the bones, and of illuminating the mind. The person will be a powerful shaman, and men will seek to subjugate his will. Many like this will have to learn to thrive, and endure despite adversity. Such mythical journeys have much to impart, and have to be navigated successfully. Men and women have had to learn of such things as 'mythical journeys'*

by experience, and to make allowance for them in life. *At any rate, if you can see the sense in this writing, then you will likely, then be experienced, yourself. You will know the differences, yourself.* I hope that this describes you. Well, I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others.

All for now, Greg

~

*'Deep words are dynamic phenomena.'*  
*'They emanate outward from their source,*  
*and influence life.'*

I CAN SEE A GOOD DISTANCE into a saying like this one. I had saved a memory at the moment that a positive affirmation was made... maybe it will stand for the goodness, and mercy of a (hopefully) genuine piano talent, *and the best which could be, of the 'recovered life' which has been completely saved from desolation.* Having this journal ing pathway lets me make this memory into a written figure, and save it into the future. Wherever men

and women meet as a group, there sometimes will be poetry. This makes memories, and so forth... *and a favorite memory can be incorporated into whatever project is being built.* At any rate. I sit, and stare at this page, in a receptive way, *and these words are willing to appear, onto this page.* So, I have this writing. I think, my inner spirit resource has developed faith in my oversight ability, *because I can make the rude, primitive nature into sensible insightful thought.* This does take effort, and requires patience to perfect into literature... *to walk back from the primitive expression.* Having a talent, or ability

brings both good and bad out, in some people... *and this is my good, and this inspires me to incorporate the pleasant memory into my current writing.* This is a form of collaborative dream weaving. *At any rate, that seems to be what dreams are made of.* Today is the second Sunday in December, this year, *and I've prospered already, through this journal ing, and with these willing words.* How else would I

have started my twenty twenty four audiobook part three? Well, this has just been a positive development, and has sufficed to assist in roll starting this writing. So this alone is reason to include it

in. *So, I've got a start.* At any rate, today is a cold, and breezy Sunday, and sunshine is expected by this afternoon. This good weather is expected across this entire week, with gradual warming, it is thought, through Thursday. So, I'm looking forward to getting outside some of the time.

Anyways, I feel good today, and might would believe, easily, that our seasonal outlook is optimistic as well. I hope it is.

*At any rate, I hope that men's warring ways will at last be put away, and stowed for another year, and the wounded survivors might find the 'tender loving care' that can smooth it all out.* Our skies

are clear, as sunset brings a frosty night  
unto our South. *I'm inwardly glad that  
another week's ongoing has passed behind.*  
Sometimes I just say Wow! *For, the Great,  
great Illusionist is too, too unfathomable.*  
But, yet, won't his comforting ways cradle  
me all of the days of my life? As the  
perceptual illusions of my own *creative  
genius have grown more convincing, the  
inner spirits of my heart have grown closer,  
and led my paths nearer to the comforting  
Earth... the Mother of all life, as we know  
it.* At any rate, you can see all of my  
thoughts, for they are here, upon the  
written page. *You, too, can see how this*



*writing is being developed, and this is partly the turning wind mills of the mind.*

If your mind can find an ornate inner development such as this one, *it's going to be interesting to see what you yourself can*

*dream up!* Your shirt pocket super computer might can take it even higher...

you'll wonder, *'How often in Earth's history do I get to see something like a pocket super computer?'* When this comes

true, for you, *you'll know, then what I've found, too.* **I hope that your heart is at**

**peace, and another year's energies find conclusion.** Continuing with starting this

new twenty twenty four part A part three

audiobook, this Monday morning, I start my morning by revising and editing the work of yesterday afternoon... *just the usual troubles, of having said too much... nothing too serious.* I'm still thinking, this morning, about the homeless canines which accompanied our group for the two and a half years, after our benefactors passed away. *Boy, were those animals Angel presences... no one ever got snapped at, that's for sure.* They were clearly just all about comfort and companionship... *they certainly never broke any of my rules.* In fact, they graduated with full honors. If I could tell you a story so true, it would be

like this one, I'm so sure. As a youngster, I wasn't much trouble... but I was easily tricked, and needed to be allowed in to the 'spirit conversation.' So, five years after my high school graduation, I was brought in, (to spirit consciousness,) *An imaginary victory!* Of course, our imagination is purely imaginary... and it doesn't have any quantitative measure whatsoever... *it's all in your head.* But, the intelligent conversation *will always be informed by this 'consciousness of the invisible.'* This just can't be measured, except by looking at tiny movements of the tongue, and throat (at the voice center,) and thereby reading

any 'silent verbalizations,' that might happen. *The computer camera would have to be trained to read these micro movements.* This technology is available currently, and can help people get around speech impediments, like stuttering. Look it up! At any rate, these are just some thoughts, and I've inputted them as they have occurred to me. It's good to have thoughts going onto a page this morning. But, there's a negative self criticism, at that inner plaine, which is really too much. I think I've gotten a case of self blaming, and The Kokopellis' acting ugly isn't logical, because I've got no control over weather, or

any acts of God, whatsoever. *Anyway, you see how societal issues, and mental health problems, like paranoid delusions are usually servicable linguistically.* So you'll see, I'll make the lemons into lemonade. That translates into a victory, as I'll have something good, (this writing,) to show for the time spent. At any rate, these have been a few thoughts. I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now. Greg.

~

Sitting to try and get some ideas down on paper, on this word processor screen, *I think I've gotten a good start on this third part of this twenty twenty four part A audiobook.* Focusing on the mechanical processes of inputting sensible thinking into this keyboard, *is of greater Quality than my aimless drifting, which produces more chaos than sense.* I'll definitely focus on the small screen. It's really good to walk so closely with a trusted familiar, with no sin. *Because that makes one's gaze completely honest and sincere, with no wavering.* This is the basis of any good he can do, *and allows him or her into the*

*good feelings of righteousness.* This is the simple explanation, equivalent to the libraries of theological texts the world over. At any rate such can be summed up like this. Just some thoughts. Last night a Dee jay set came up, which brought back a lot of memories... my mind reeled in remembering the lowly life I had back then... the dark ness es of teenage chemical imbalances, my teenage life in the nineteen eighties. *But I had no idea I was so poor... I made do with what I had.* I followed novelty, in popular music and the wonderment of the new electronic sounds... I sought new gadgets and their power... but

I couldn't fathom, or see myself operating a computer... *I made the assumption that you had to be skilled at programming languages to benefit from computers.* But hand held electronic games, *handheld football, and a 'copycat' sequence repetition game held my attention, and I used the solution book to learn to solve the Rubiks cube.* These new devices captivated my mind, and I played with a chemistry set, a microscope, and a telescope. I must have felt strong love for myself, despite my sins, *as I was simply deeply involved with my hereditary endowments... my musical ear, and my mechanical aptitude...* but I was



dissatisfied with my physical appearance,  
and I didn't think that piano was very cool,  
*so I lacked an outlet, or an identity.* My  
mind was easily fooled by illusion... *the*  
*old people realized I had to be given spirit*  
*consciousness.* At a point I began building  
my ideal hi fi system, by assembling  
components, like tuners, amps, and  
speakers. I had to hear the classic  
recordings on equipment that gave faithful  
sound reproduction. This pursuit gave my  
life inner meaning, and purpose... as I was  
deeply moved by classic music recordings  
of all kinds... *and I told myself I would*  
*learn to replicate, to emulate the classic*

*art forms, or die trying.* This writing is sufficient to convey the real challenges I had to deal with... it took so long for any knowledge to take root... for wisdom to develop. Endless repetition, however, eventually built some faith and belief in myself, that I could meet the challenges. But, I wouldn't want to speak of my self medicating or, compromise my good influence. *I was fortunate to have good friendships, which filled me in in certain ways that nothing else could.* So that I wasn't so hopelessly inn experienced when I left my parents nest, and went into the world... the central mystery in my life was

my own mind, and I told myself I would have to banish my doubts around certain things, in order to approach the Mysteries of Heaven. *I had to extinguish certain options, and their false promises, before I could get peace in my spirit... I had to make some mistakes.* See? Some guys never make it past this paradox. So I was fortunate to have gotten out alive. *In fact, my tribe has prospered, and my music, writing, and art gives me a central focus.* But, obviously it's not mass appeal... It's limited appeal music. Well, this writing is coming together well enough, and I'll think about adding it in with the others. Today is

Tuesday, the second in December, this year.

We're expecting clear skies, a chilly, dry, sunny week. I sit in bed finishing writing this article, and thinking about what the week has in store. *It's simple enough to put this writing away now, because I managed to touch on all of the facets of my young life, back then... it's been awhile since I did myself justice by telling myself right... by relating the actual beauty of my young self, back then.* Maybe now, my spirit will rest even better, and isn't that what it's all about? Getting your rest, and still accomplishing your goals? Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the

others. All for now, Greg.

~

Today is midweek, the second Wednesday in December, and I sit outside at this picnic table in the sunn, and write a few thoughts into this smart device's word processor.

The temperature is colder, today and the occasional breezes make it worse. A couple of hours later, and the sky has clouded... it's not warm now. Back inside, after lunch, and I sit on this bed writing,

and attune to the thoughts which will arise.

*There's not very much good work which I can do on my own... I've found it to be true, that all good things proceed from God.* For instance, I'm presently trying to get a few piano improvisations recorded... these won't amount to much, until the higher spirit, the higher intellect can lend her abilities, and put my playing over the top.

*This Angel can always play, with substance, and power... if I can attune with her grace.* At any rate, setbacks will occur, with major life moves, such as a change of residence. But, mostly, a community *shares* the pain and grief, which someone

may feel... *you aren't the only one, so you shouldn't feel as if you are the only one.*

When your life's usual patterns have resumed, you'll hopefully feel the confidence, and strength to meet the challenges. Those of us who aren't so called, may not know the journeys of being a writer. *So you'll be somewhat set ahead, as a matter of course... and you'll be given some faith, and shown tolerance.* At any rate, these are my thoughts upon that. Putting these thoughts together right now, requires a considerate, thoughtful approach. When the answers you need are arrived upon, you'll then fill out your

article. Anyways, this is what I do, to somewhat work through life changes... *you'll then have the experience down, and it can be filed away... this allows you to let it go, and move along.* This is what I think about it, right here. You don't need to do God's job, *but by drifting inwardly, you'll free your immortal spirit to operate subconsciously.* You should be able to find balance between your passive, inwardly state, and your active, outward persona. This can come second nature to you, in time... *you'll only need to grow closer to the grace and abundance, of a chosen craft or way.* Once you come to terms with this



dual nature, *you'll then be equipped to face the challenges of your life in society.* At any rate, aging and decay affects everyone presently living. We have to set our principles around our imperishable inner spirits, leaving behind weakness, and transience. In trying to brainstorm, and arrive upon the most advanced thinking, *you'll have to find and stay within your physical boundaries.* I think, that anyone should learn to always use the imagined yoga stretching, arms reaching up past the sides of your head towards the heavens. This practice can blend away the tension migraines which cause so many people

pain. At any rate, these are just some thoughts. If you ever wonder about how young men and women can navigate the dark forest of false promises, and false hope, then you've, too, seen the 'great deception,' which tends to push over on the vulnerable... *especially, with the allure of 'mind drugs,' such as hallucinogens, which promise enlightenment... as if the material world was just made of paper, which just is whatever you say it is.* (To me, any drug which promises relief from migraines, is just right away something of a cheat... *as it is is contradictory logic to think that the devil's handiwork can be remedied with a*

*pill.* In reality, we see how it's true that sinful, and dark paths ask 'hard questions,' of the world every day... *and the oh vert masculine powers are so hard put to solve 'riddles that don't have any answers.'*) I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist, but, these are my simple observations in considering such problems. *These are bewilderingly complex problems, but there's a powerful world of Faith in God, which proposes that, the sayings, 'Knock and the door shall be opened.' 'Seek and you shall find,' are the ultimate remedy, for the devil's confusion.* At any rate, these are just some thoughts. I hope that, through

my questing, and soul searching, *you  
yourself might find the answers and  
solutions, to questions which haunt modern  
minds.* Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and  
add it in with the others. All for now,  
Greg.

~

Well, today is a chilly Sunday in middle  
December, and I sit, before breakfast, *and  
get some ideas down on paper, into this  
smart device's word processor.* I think that

my mind is somewhat down on me, and it's hard to rise above the weight. *But I can put a few thoughts together, if I put my faith in a trusted familiar.* She has the strength to rise above. But the downward frictional pressing is enormous. At any rate, writing is difficult. While I'm doing this, I'm listening to an optical disc on my dee vee dee player... which sounds better, to my ears, than anything else I've heard recently... *so this alone is reason enough to see brilliance in this present... and into our future.* Well, with morning meal, medicine, chores and hi jean behind us, now we're free to do our extraneous stuff, and this for

me means this writing. Getting along into my article, now, *I'm definitely impressed with how blessed I am in being given the 'higher purpose' of putting my thoughts on paper.* But, it's almost as if the weight of gravitational forces and atmospheric pressure is too great, and I'm just practically defeated. But, having thought this way, and seeing it's futility, *there's really no better way to spend this morning than in doing this.* I've just not seen this Spartan a way since my childhood. I think that this is the nature of my problem... part of me sees myself as a tobacco smoker, and I think that I should have a sugar and

caffeine drink. *But the Spartan way will win, if I stay my course...* one of my 'childhood memories' wants these artificial, chemical treats. But I can't, and won't do this much, because I'm not too worried about it... I think that I'm better, through my meditations, and my artistic successes, *and I'm not really threatened.* So, this itself is a victory, and I'm proud of myself. So there it is. At any rate, these thoughts are in my mind, this morning, and in getting them behind me, this is my therapeutic self work. *At any rate. I've believed for a while, that if a person walks mindfully, he or she can write, and*

*document inner experiences such as might be caused by hereditary addiction issues, or as in alcoholism.* Well, at any rate, this is my belief. Getting along into my article, this morning, I'm inwardly looking forward to a snack... and there's nothing wrong with that. The coming week will, if all goes well, see me getting together with my parents, and then Christmas Eve, is one week from today. *My plan includes throwing away my nicotine supply, and smoking supplies, before I get in the car with my Dad.* So, having a good visit depends partly on this. Other than that, it should be a regular Christmas get together.



So, this is my best thinking on the matter.

I'm so glad to have this writing coming along so well this morning... *truly a 'path into the future.'* We can see, from our information outlets, how this Season, is, for some, the time to count losses, and to grieve those who are gone. The vengeful, wrathful nation has been merciless, and anyone can see who the losers are. And the victorious. *So this is a December to remember, and to never neglect to get onesself on the side with the righteous!*

Because, now anyone can see, what happens if you don't. So, and this is what I see, now. So that's why I'm writing, so

*that the lessons learned will not be forgotten.* At any rate, our Sunday afternoon is dreary, and I don't think that the sunn shown down any today, *because the clouds blocked it.* Well, almost our meal time, and although I'm a carnivore, I'll probably just have the vegetables. I'm very blessed to be diet conscious. My online reading has shown me how, our food choices from day to day are so very important. Well that's something you're more conscious of as you age. But our culture is carnivorous, and believes in slaughtering animals, if it fills our bellies. On another subject, I was able to come up

with fourteen new original expressive piano solos last week, including an new album title and artwork. *That's about the only high ground I've found, lately, other than this audiobook writing, which I have right now.* The best results I know of, for my money, are in doing visual design projects, and I've done a lot of album cover designs. I like the new artwork, and I made four or five versions of the same design, and picked my favorite for the cover. At any rate, this is the narrative that has been happening, since my last journal entry, last Friday morning. After dinner, and evening chores, and really comes the best relaxation

of the week just behind us, now, until sleep later brings it's blankets of warm blissful forgetfulness. This time for myself is spent closely composing this writing, and in holding an imaginary yoga position visualization, in particular of my arms stretched up past the sides of my head, reaching toward heaven. This blends the lateral pressure away, and offers a stronger, more definite direction, as in the pyramid apex of a steep, strong roof. *Well, I'm ready to get this writing along, to its conclusion, and let my mind rest, until sleep.* Well all for now, I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now.

Have a good new week. Greg.

~

As I sit, this morning, to get some ideas into this smart device's word processor, I'm looking into my own soul, and mind and spirit, *but also at the sunlight beaming down in our front yard, from through my bedroom window.* I'll most definitely be glad to get outside, to the picnic table at the east end of our house, and get some sunn on my face, to chase the holiday blues

on their way, and to write in the fresh  
outside air. *The close communion, between  
myself and my trusted familiar, is  
something which I wouldn't trade for  
anything else in the world.* I've written  
numerous times before, about the inner do  
odd, the pairing, or dichotomy, at the heart  
of some men and women, from which an  
abundant well spring of original literature  
proceeds. You don't want to neglect a gift  
like a spiritual do odd... you just want to  
allow it to breathe, and live, *and somewhat  
like the leaves on a tree, to come to its  
fullest fruition.* I think that at a tree's  
maturity, the seeds of life are given unto

the air, and into the ground, where they lay dormant for a time, before sprouting a new growth, *into new verdant life on earth*. The

tree is only skeletal and bare for a short while, three or four months, *before it's branches become full of lush greenery, and new life... it's not skeletal, then*. Autumn brings cold, and the leaves fall away, and return to the soil, but with the soil's nourishment, and the sunn's radiant warmth, and the rain it is reborn, *as a lush verdant living tree once again*. What is the

Christian church, if not an elaborate embellishment of this most central mystery of nature's seasonal birth, death, and

resurrection? Those who are in possession of the 'intrinsic spiritual do odd,' or the 'inner pairing,' or 'inner dichotomy,' are heard to speak of this regenerative journey in libraries, of texts stretching back to mankind's earliest enterprises. When our mortal limits are tested, and the standard boundaries of normalcy are crossed, you will find those who see and experience the inner majesty, and mystery, in real life, *speaking and relating around this central regenerative story, which is at the very heart of our Christian religion... life's challenges, and journeys, bring forth this central structure, and so our faith is deeply*



*connected to the cycles of nature... and  
might be an out growth of such.* I have just  
stepped out onto our front porch, and  
discovered... it has gotten cold, much  
colder than it was at sunrise, and the wind  
is up, as well. So it's much more like  
Christmas week, as we remember it, now.  
Sometimes, we read of sorrows which stir  
our souls, and we have to remember how,  
the lowest times, and experiences have  
been seen to afflict persons, entirely  
without asking permission first... especially  
as in natural disasters... earthquakes,  
cyclones, flooding, plagues... *in such  
events, death is no*

*respector of persons.* The number one cause of death in our culture is heart disease and cardiovascular events. The number two cause of death is stroke. Well, as you can see, many people have found themselves in statistics, prisons, and graveyards... *in fact everyone presently living is eventually humbled by aging and decay... no exceptions.* For many people, eventual organ failure doesn't begin until the person is aged middle fifties. So you have to keep this in mind, when you're young, *so that your time doesn't expire unexpectedly, a little later, as you wore your organs out earlier than many.* As I sit

here and mull over this writing, and over just what our good eyes can see, from this vantage, my own beliefs *are in that which our society has set in stone, and in that which can flex and bend, and adapt in the face of adversity.* I think that every one's heaven will be at a higher plaine... a higher orbit, *and that there's usually a healthy nostalgia for the lower.* If you think, '*What would I think of my earlier self, if we met?*' you see only the later self. But, if you think, '*What would my earlier self think of me?*' this allows for one's later self to grow. *But at any rate, you'll want to know, beyond doubting, that the years have*

*improved your character.* I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist, but I can see, how my childhood was an outward journey... *and that at a time, I began developing my relationship with my own immortal soul.* Both journeys were important, and were meaningful sojourns... neither were of no account. But I would say, that the gnostic, or soul conscious side of life has become, or will eventually become blended into the common fold, where it's clear, that the common good is much more important, than the isolated, insular experience... *and where a thing is only good if it goes well, in the larger*

*flowing, and doesn't have an 'unexpected outcome.'* This isn't to say that there isn't a self anymore, or that the self is any less, only that things tend to lean toward the 'collective,' or group good. *Personal ambition is only in the clear, if it is free from conflict with the common good.* At any rate, these have been a few ideas. I'm glad that I had this word processor software on this smart device, because I wouldn't have wanted to miss these thoughts and dreams as they arose and passed beyond. Here's my thinking. *If a person has seen adversity, then that is just a sure sign that the person is acquainted with the 'common*

*good,' and their personal ambitions are subordinate to the common good. Maybe this is our disabled population, which somewhat has this kind of lens, onto the world. At any rate, my ideas seem to be drifting, for a time, and I guess I'm coming to the conclusion of this article. So, I'll put these thoughts away, and go see about a quick snack. All for now, Greg.*

~

I sometimes get to experience popular media, such as broadcast television, and radio, and some times I get particularly affected by a strong story, or a particularly vivid character, or situation, which, for instance, brings back, in my mind, the depths of existential despair... you ask,

*'Why would you want to remember something that bad?'* Well, because I've been through two serious self injuries, which resulted from major depression, and it truly helps to remember these times, *because it reflects how far I've come, in my life, and in my spiritual growth.* Because, in my twenties, in the early middle

nineties, my life was so decrepit... I went to jail three times, and I couldn't seem to find peace in my life... so I self medicated, *and that was all part of my problem!* For those of you who have never felt the anguish and agitation of restless leg syndrome, I would have taken anything chemical, if I thought it would get my day, any day, in a happy groove. Even if I had to steal it! *And this was almost every day, not just a particularly bad day.* Well, at any rate, you can see, how bad some television portrayals make you feel... well, that's what self isolating can do... it can transform a small apartment environment, for instance,



into an ocean of gloom. And, you may have never done anything bad... the reality is, for many people... unless you know that *'people need to be around people,'* you'll only self isolate, because you only want to be alone with your thoughts. *And, for most people, this hermetic way just doesn't work, in a practical application, so the person ends up 'adrift in an ocean of gloom.'* So, with twenty years of sobriety, to my claim, I just am dealing with ordinary life, much better than I ever dreamed I could... I was pretty lost back then. Well, at any rate, you can see how I come by my relationship with these types

of 'existential crisis.' This is just what a quality television dramatization can recall... *and of course, we all know, dramatizations run the gamut... you'll see some far out scenarios, and situations.* At any rate, the day is sunny and quite cold, this middle December day, this year. I started this present writing, so that, in the words of a trusted councilor, I'll have a workable plan, for early tomorrow morning... because, *'Having a workable game plan,' any given morning, is 'the best thing I can do for myself.'* At any rate, just some thoughts. Well, I look out the window today, and see the sunn. But,

inwardly, I'm going through a cynical streak... *but, I think that a strong festive plan, like a family Christmas get together, can scare off the gloomy nature, which has been quite downcast at me, just lately. I don't merely think, it can, I know it can.*

So, that's all good, and good to see. Well, just some ideas. I'm happy with the way this new writing is coming along so well, so I'll give it more of my attention. And, I deliberated about how this writing will be *archived*, whether in the *twenty twenty four*, and I guess *I'll stay with my plan. It just is preliminary!* But, it's a mirror of what is, as well... *especially in the silver*

*world.* What's that? Well, certain types of inner vision, reveal, unbelievably, *a silvery surface on everything in the 'real world construct,' and this silvery surface can hold images, like a computer screen.* My best thinking tells me it's a part of the world that we see... *in Heaven. But, it's pretty secret.* (You can see, this might would explain certain elements of the extra terrestrial hypothesis, *like sigh kick automatism, or automatic writing, and 'metallic rooms'* as in some flying saucer accounts.) So, but many people *have spoken of Gaia, as being a great sentient being, somehow within the Earth.* And

many, I think, believe that there are many *mirror Earths, elsewhere in the Heavens.*

**But I know that this Earth is the only one we need to worry about.** (Only, after twenty five years in consciousness of God's universe, makes me see beyond.) *Well, that's my best thinking today on my twenty four book, composed before hand.*

God's world is infinite, and so there's no particular limit! *(Not that I'm God, or anything, only I have my own unique view on God. We all do, I think... although many people go solely by God's word, the Bible. Me, I'm a Theosophy believer, so I have to make room for other faiths... we all*

*tend to 'go by' classic literature... this is so Human. And, I believe that it's a Narrows, and that it always opens back out. And it all has purpose and meaning, at each juncture, whether I think it does or not.) I*

**think, at Christmas, we should make a place in our hearts, for the infant King, and remember how, simply, our children are at the heart of our future. They shouldn't be at a low place, but should be placed on high, even if only at special occasions... these gifts, and endowments, or special attentiveness unto, build self esteem. That's maybe, the meaning of Christmas. Well, I'll wrap this writing up**

and add it in with the others. All for now,  
Greg.

~

Well, these ideas, in the recent chapters,  
have come through, and I think that this  
book is nearly complete. So I'm going to  
try and put a flourish onto the ending. This  
will give the reader a finished product... the  
twenty twenty four PART A. *And make this  
writing work as the first book of the new  
year.* So my thoughts here, are good

thoughts. One thing I can see, is that  
*people are unique in that their  
consciousness can regard it's own self, and  
in the developing present moment, write  
down its own thoughts.* The concept of the  
Delphic Oracle is all through our popular  
culture society. Artists, poets, musicians,  
shamans, and even medicine men, dream  
dreams which find their eventual way into  
the media outlets, such as radio, television,  
and internet... *they then filter into our  
living room environments, and so forth.*

Well, you've read topics like this from me  
before... *such as in the Tav Kerr book.* I  
think that book was my mind's instinctual



righting of itself, as the waters had risen, and my boat was in crisis. It's not the same world anymore... in fact, I'm not aware of any real crisis, in our area, per say, but I would say we as Americans have witnessed a lot. *A warring nation, is hard for us to be... because 'war is hell.'* There's not a lot of concerted support in our population for keeping assistance and resources for 'embattled people's,' or 'underdogs.' (*Unless it's from our wealthy industrialists, or defence contractors.*) I think increasingly, our people's tend to ask ourselves, *'what the hell are we fighting for?'* And so we get tired of holding out

military assistance, for the little guy. See?

*I for one am just weary, of every morning being so hard.* Well, that's my abbreviated speech... the last three days have tired me out. It was treadmill city. It is frustrating, so I hope it has passed. At any rate, I have

been getting some of the seasonal television shows, while finishing my last two or three essays... even though it's not my choosing. People make do with the standard fare, they don't have any better... *but I have a lot of my own video production work, so I like my own content.* At any rate, that's how I'd rather pass my time, by watching my nature video productions. It's

just so much better, in my view, to review my own good work. Well, there you have it. *I can't make you turn your television off, only down. Only a manager can compel.* At any rate, that's the predicament. Well, now I can see... *network television is commerciality, through and through.* And speaking for me, I've had enough, of that for me. *I only want my own media. I will definitely be glad to get away for three days, starting tomorrow.* Any way. I'll give this essay a little flourish at the end, and be done with it. *People are poor, and would love to have their own homemade content, but*

*most really poor people are the happiest,  
most content people, and make do...but,  
borderline people you find in the world are  
on their way out of ordinary life into jails,  
or mental health, or like I was, a loner, (a  
writer,) who drinks and self medicates,  
until stopped by major depression...  
overdose, self injury, or suicide... and then  
mental health. But many of these poor  
people will take up room in the welfare or  
mental health care system, for the majority  
of their adult lives. Some are in welfare or  
mental health care system early... as  
children. You do have courteous house  
mates and discourteous... but, here's the*

*kicker... all it takes is a word of direction,  
or request, and the person usually  
complies... always accommodates, and  
wants to please.* We, here have gotten  
some Christmas presents this afternoon...  
as if someone really tried to remedy our  
poverty. We here are grateful, our spirits  
lifted. Well, I'll wrap this writing up and  
add it in with the others. All for now,  
Greg.

~

*I sit to think, and to write, this evening... I*  
can remember, when I was thirteen or  
fourteen, I began initiating my relationship  
*with my own soul.* I had been growing  
fascinated with the strange feelings behind  
my eyes, *and I was more or less completely*  
*confused.* But, at a point, I became highly  
receptive unto the New Age section in my  
local bookstores... and, this was just like,  
abandoning any childhood wisdoms, of the  
educational reading galore, World Book  
encyclopedias, and National Geographics,  
and years spent camping and hiking, and  
cycling, *and all of that paleo grounding*  
*experience turned into a pouring deluge*

*inside of my head... my young mans character began to struggle to regard it's own self, which appeared grotesque, and incomprehensible. My native inner unity dissolved, and I became possessed of a dichotomy... a person turned back upon, and struggling to see, himself. But, myself was precisely what I couldn't see. Much later, I was to gradually learn specific techniques for managing the inner blindnesses, and the dark, knotted inner tensions, which blocked all light, and precluded me from peace. The main technique, I found, was in mentally raising my arms up past the sides of my head, and*

*upward to heaven.* The music which I make, is a music of peace... not of insistent insanity, or idiocy. *I'm so glad to send it along your way, and I hope it helps you in some way.* Any and all of my music will help you relax, I feel, but don't just take my word for it, try it yourself. *(But, I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist.)* There is so much crazy noise in the world, it's such a safe haven, to have an abundant peaceful music, *and to be prolific with it.* Well, I've never heard anything as crazy as my jukebox, when I get the notion to write, and I'm figuratively, *'walking against the wind.'*

But, I'll make my way a lot easier, by



bringing this article to its conclusion. You see? And by adding this into my larger audiobook part three, I'll thereby fix a slight mistake and my book will be about the right length. So, whoever you are, I hope you have enjoyed this book, and I'll send it along your way now. All for now,  
Greg.





